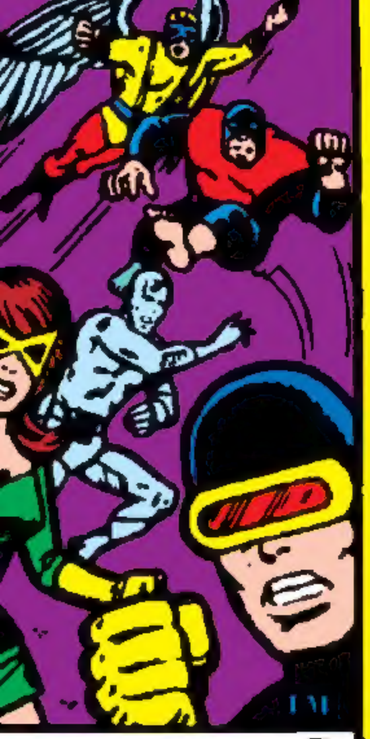

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

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The X-MEN™ FEATURING:

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THE BEAST and ICEMAN

THE MYSTERY OF... THE MAHA YOGI!

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X-MEN! THE MOST UNUSUAL FIGHTING TEAM OF ALL TIME! ™

"THE WARLOCK WEARS THREE FACES!"

FOLLOWING THE TRAGIC DEATH OF PROFESSOR X--AND A DIRECT ORDER FROM AGENT DUNCAN OF THE FBI--THE X-MEN ARE *NO MORE!* AND NOW, AT THE LOWEST EBB OF THEIR YOUNG LIVES, TWO MEMBERS OF THE ONCE-FAMED FIGHTING TEAM MUST FACE ONE OF THE MOST DEADLY MENACES OF ALL--AND THEY MUST DO IT... *ALONE!*

IT STILL SEEMS LIKE SOME KIND OF *NIGHTMARE!* EVEN THOUGH IT'S BEEN DAYS SINCE WE SPLIT UP...

...I JUST CAN'T MAKE MYSELF BELIEVE THE X-MEN WILL NEVER BE A *TEAM* AGAIN!

BOBBY'S STILL AS UPSET AS *I* AM! EVEN THOUGH WE'RE THE BEST OF *FRIENDS*... IT'S AS IF THERE WERE SOME SORT OF *BARRIER* BETWEEN US!

MAYBE IF HANK AND I TALKED IT *OVER*... BUT WHAT *GOOD* WOULD IT DO? THE X-MEN ARE FINISHED... AND WE MIGHT AS WELL LEARN TO *LIVE* WITH IT!

STAN LEE
SUPERBLY SUPERVISES STILL ANOTHER MARVEL SUPER-SAGA, AIDED AND ABETTED BY...

THE SUPERB SCRIPTING OF:
GARY FRIEDRICH & ARNOLD DRAKE

THE LAVISH LAY-OUTS OF: DON HECK

THE PEERLESS PENCILS OF:
WERNER ROTH

THE ILLUSTRIOUS INKS OF: JOHN TARTAGLIONE
and
THE LEGIBLE LETTERING OF: ARTIE SIMEK

AND THE SAME GOES FOR *US*, MUTANT-WATCHER--BUT IF YOU THINK THAT MEANS AN END TO THE DYNAMIC DRAMA AND AGONIZING ACTION, JUST TURN THE PAGE AND FIND OUT HOW *WRONG* YOU CAN BE...AFTER YOU READ OUR *CAVORTIN' CREDITS*, NATCH!

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AFTER ALL, THE FBI FELT WE COULD FIGHT EVIL MUTANTS MORE EFFECTIVELY IF WE WERE SPREAD ACROSS THE *COUNTRY!*

...SO THAT AT LEAST *ONE* OF US WOULD BE NEAR ANY CRISIS THAT *COMES UP!*

I'LL *NEVER* BUY DUNCAN'S THEORY THAT WE WOULD GREATLY *ENDANGER* OURSELVES BY STAYING TOGETHER!

IT WOULD SEEM MUCH EASIER FOR AN ENEMY TO HUNT US DOWN AND DISPOSE OF US *ONE-BY-ONE...*

...THAN TO FACE OUR *COMBINED POWERS!*

STILL, I DON'T SUPPOSE WE'LL KNOW HOW SOUND HIS THEORIES ARE FOR CERTAIN, UNTIL ONE OF US IS CALLED UPON TO BATTLE SOME *MENACE!*

I ONLY HOPE THAT PERSON DOESN'T HAVE TO *DIE*...JUST TO PROVE TO THE FBI THAT WE SHOULD'VE REMAINED A *TEAM!*

AH, BOBBY, BOY--WHY CONTINUE WRACKING OUR CONSIDERABLY CONFUSED *CRANIUMS?* ALAS, WHY NOT LOOK AT THE *BRIGHTER SIDE...*

...THAT WE ARE AT LEAST ON OUR WAY TO COURT OUR OWN, TRUE *LADIES FAIR?*

YOU MIGHT *HAVE* SOMETHING THERE, HANK...BUT I THOUGHT WE JUST HAD DATES WITH *VERA* AND *ZELDA!*

HOWEVER, AS OUR TWO DOWN-TRODDEN HEROES HEAD FOR THE SINGLE BRIGHT SPOTS IN THEIR *LIVES...*

...LET US TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A NEARBY *EAST VILLAGE THEATRE*, WHERE AN ENTRANCED AUDIENCE IS BEING ENLIGHTENED BY THE INCOMPARABLE *MAHA YOGI!*

EACH OF YOU HAS COME IN SEARCH OF THE KEY TO YOUR OWN *COSMIC BEING!*

AND WHEREIN *LIES* THAT KEY? IT LIES DEEP WITHIN THE ECTOPLASMIC CORE OF THINE OWN *EXISTENCE!*

FOR THERE...IN THE DARKNESS OF THINE OWN *TRUE IDENTITIES*... HIDES THE POWER OF THE *UNIVERSE!*

SHORTLY, *OUTSIDE* THE CROWDED THEATRE...

I'M SORRY, BUT THE *MAHA YOGI'S* NEXT AND LAST PERFORMANCE IS COMPLETELY SOLD OUT! HE LEAVES TOWN TONIGHT!

BUT YOU MIGHT CALL BACK TO SEE IF THERE'S A *CANCELLATION!*

WE'LL *DO* THAT, LOVELY LADY! WORD IS THAT THE MAHA YOGI IS REAL ORIENTAL OZONE--A *GAS,* LASS!

SOLD OUT--TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS! WOULDN'T THAT FROST YOU?

WELL, YOU COULD HAVE DONE SOMETHING MILDLY ORGANIZED--LIKE PHONING FOR *RESERVATIONS!*

SKIP IT, GOLDEN BOY! THAT CANCELLATION MIGHT *STILL* COME THROUGH!

AND MEANWHILE, FAIR MAIDENS, WHY DON'T WE HIE AWAY TO *CAFE A-GO-GO,* HAVEN OF THE HAPPY HIPPIES?

BUT, INSIDE THE *PSYCHO-RAMA...*

THAT'S IT--GAZE DEEP INTO MINE EYES--*DEEPER!*

FOR *THERE* BEGINS THE TUNNEL TO THINE OWN BEING!

THE LAST--THE MOST *HYPNO-RESISTANT* OF THEM--NOW BEGINS TO FALL UNDER *MY SWAY!*

THERE! ALL ARE ENTRANCED! NOW FOR THE INSTRUCTIONS WHICH SHALL TRANSFORM EACH INTO MY *PSYCHIC SERVANT!*

NONE SHALL HAVE A SINGLE *MEMORY* OF THIS MOMENT! YET, WHEREVER THEY GO, ALL WILL BE *SLAVES* TO MY COMMAND!

AS THE SHOW ENDS AND THE AUDIENCE *EXITS*, WHO WOULD BELIEVE THAT THESE HAPPY, SMILING FACES MASK HYPNOTIZED *HUMAN TIME BOMBS*--

--READY TO EXPLODE AT A SINGLE MENTAL COMMAND FROM THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF *MAHA YOGI!*

AND SO I HAVE RECRUITED ANOTHER BATTALION FOR MY *PSYCHIC ARMY!*

WITH EACH CITY I TOUR, MY LEGIONS *GROW!* UNTIL--!

AND WHAT'S SWINGIN' AT THE *CAFE A-GO-GO?* POETRY-- OR THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS ON THE PROGRAM.!

--THEN COME! CAST OUT THE ROTTEN BANANAS OF YOUR MIND, AND FEAST, INSTEAD, UPON THE RIPE *KUMQUATS* OF CEREBRAL ORCHARDS!

IS HE FOR *REAL?*

WHAT'S A'MATTER, *JOHN-JOHN?* YOU DON'T DIG FAT MAN'S *POETRY?* YOU NOT TURNIN' ONTO THE *SCENE?*

BATHUMMP!

'AT'S OKAY! WE RUN A SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR YOU *UPTOWN SQUARES!*

COME ON OUTSIDE AND LET US HIT YOU WITH SOME *CULTURE!*

UH-OH! CAN'T AFFORD A SCRAP NOW! MIGHT TIP MY *SECRET IDENTITY!*

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, HERMAN! THIS IS *COMPULSORY* EDUCATION --AND I'M THE TRUANT OFFICER!

SO, LIKE-- *MOVE!*

WHOPPP!

OWWFF!

BUT, IN THE CONFUSION, BOBBY USES HIS *FREEZE POWER* TO SHORT CIRCUIT THE HOUSE LIGHTS!

MAN, LIKE WHO TURNED OFF THE *SUN*?

YEEEEEEEESH!

IF YOU THINK *THIS* IS AN ECLIPSE, EDGAR--

WAIT'LL YOU GET THE *NEXT* FLASH BULLETIN!

STUDS, HYMIE, O'HARA! HELP! *UGGH!* SOME NUT IS POUNDIN' MY *SKULL* IN!

LIKE, YOU'RE NEVER GONNA *BELIEVE* THIS, CAIRO, BUT WE'RE ALL FROZEN TO THE GROUND!

YEAH--FOR *REAL!* *FROZEN!*

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FAR BE IT FROM ME TO SEPARATE A REAL *DOLL-BOY* LIKE YOU--

--FROM HIS LOVIN' *BUDDIES!*

SURE GLAD I RENEWED MY MEMBERSHIP IN THE *AMERICAN BOWLING CONGRESS!*

WHOOM!

OKAY, MUSCLE MAN, LET'S SEE HOW YOU DIG THIS LITTLE--

WHOOSH!

WHOOSH!

--CHAIN REACTION!

WHOOSH!

DROP ANCHOR, MATE! UNLESS YOU FEEL LIKE PLAYIN' *MOBY DICK* TO THIS *HARPOON!*

EEEYOWWW!

NIGHTY-NIGHT!

THWAP!

BAWHAM!

THWUMMP

KAFWOOSH!

ZZAAMM!

LOOKS LIKE THE FLOOR SHOW IS *OVER* BETTER GRAB THE GIRLS AND CUT OUT-- BEFORE SOMEBODY STARTS YELLIN', "*ENCORE!*"

WHERE WERE YOU BOYS WHEN THE *LIGHTS* WENT OUT?

OH, WE HAD A VERY IMPORTANT MEETING-- UNDER A *TABLE!*

SEEMS LIKE YOU TWO ARE *ALWAYS* UNDER A TABLE WHEN IT'S *HERO* TIME!

THEN, RETURNING TO THE *BOX OFFICE*...

MYSTIC

YOU'RE IN *LUCK*, HANDSOME! A CANCELLATION FOR FOUR!

IF SHE *SMILES* ANY HARDER AT YOU, SHE'LL CRACK HER *MAKEUP!*

NICE TO GET IN OUT OF THE MAYHEM, EH, WONDROUS WENCH!

DON'T LOOK NOW, HANK, BUT I HEAR A VERY FAMILIAR *VOICE*--

--MASKED BY AN UNFAMILIAR *FACE!*

--AND THE *MAHA YOGI* SHALL GUIDE YOU TO PEACE OF *SOUL!*

SON OF A GUN! IT'S *THE WARLOCK!*

BORN *"MERLIN"*--

--NOW RE-REBORN, *"THE MAHA YOGI"!* ONLY WHAT'S HE SELLING *THIS* YEAR?

YES, CHILDREN OF THE COSMOS, GAZE DEEP WITHIN MINE *EYES!*

DEEPER!

BATHE THY-SELVES IN THE LIFE-GIVING *FORCE* THAT DWELLS THERE!

NOW THOU ART ALL *MINIONS* OF THE MIGHTY MAHA YOGI! THY LIVES SHALL CONTINUE AS *BEFORE* UNTIL--

WHEREVER YOU MAY WALK, MY *MENTAL COMMANDS* SHALL SEND THEE INTO MINE SECRET SERVICE!

GOOD THING WE SPOTTED THE WARLOCK WHEN WE *DID!*

CHECK! OTHERWISE WE WOULDN'T HAVE PROVIDED *DEFENSES* AGAINST HIS MASS HYPNOSIS!

INTO YOUR *COSTUME*, BEASTIE-- AND WE'LL GO PULL THE YOGI'S *BEARD!*

AND, AS CLOSE TO "INSTANTLY" AS YOU CAN GET...

HOLD IT, MAHA-HOOHAH! I WANT TO GAZE DEEP INTO YOUR EYES-- AFTER I BLACK 'EM!

SO I HAVE YET ANOTHER RENDEZVOUS WITH THOSE THEY CALL THE X-MEN!

THEN LET IT COME TO PASS! NOW SHALL YOU FULLY FEEL THE PSYCHIC FORCE OF MY HYPNO-POWER!

AND SEE, YET AGAIN I CAUSE HIM NOW TO THINK THE WORLD ITSELF HAS FALLEN FROM UNDER HIM!

HE DOES TWIST AND TURN IN SPACE TO FIND SOME NEW FOOTING!

BEHOLD, ICEMAN! I HAVE CAUSED THE VERY FLOOR PANELS TO STICK TO HIS FEET!

AND HAVE MADE THEM SLIP FROM BENEATH HIM!

YIIIIPE!

YOU ONLY KILLED HALF OUR ACT, MAGIC MAN!

YOU FORGOT ABOUT FROZEN-FINGERED ME!

EYAAAGH!

HOWEVER, WITH THE BLINDING SPEED OF THOUGHT ITSELF, THE WARLOCK *COUNTERS* AN EXISTING THREAT WITH AN *IMAGINARY* ONE...

HE'S SOMEHOW MANAGED TO TURN MY *OWN* ICING POWERS *AGAINST* ME!

MY ICE-SHIELD IS CHANGING TO *SNOW*...

...BEING *HURLED* AT ME BY A HURRICANE-FORCE *ARCTIC WIND!*

IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF *ILLUSION*...

...BUT IT'S SO *REALISTIC*...BEING DRUMMED SO POWERFULLY INTO MY MIND...THAT IT SOMEHOW IS AN ACTUAL *PHYSICAL THREAT!*

THE SNOW IS BURYING ME *ALIVE*...AND THE WIND HAS ME PINNED TO THE *WALL!*

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE ...BUT I'M BEING SMOTHERED ...*KILLED*... BY MY OWN *IMAGINATION!*

AND, UNLESS SOMETHING CAUSES THE WARLOCK TO LOSE HIS *CONCENTRATION*... THERE'S NO WAY I CAN *SURVIVE!*

BUT, AS THE YOUNGEST X-MAN LIES FREEZING AND GASPING FOR *BREATH*...

A THOUSAND *PARDONS*, MY SOMEWHAT ANCIENT ADVERSARY...

WAK!

...FOR EMPLOYING A TACTIC NEARLY AS OLD AS YOURSELF... *THE RABBIT PUNCH!*

FOOL! SURELY YOU DID NOT THINK MY EMINENT PERSONAGE COULD BE HARMED BY MERE *VIOLENCE!*

SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT THE THOUGHT *DID* CROSS MY MIND!

BUT, TO COIN A CLICHE, *SEEING IS BELIEVING!* SO...

HALT, ARROGANT DOLT! LOOK DEEP INTO MINE EYES!

NOW SHALT THINE OWN MIND BECOME MY *SERVANT*...

...AND *THINE OWN* TRAITOR WITHIN!

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KRAK!

THEN, HIS MIND SUDDENLY LIKE PUTTY IN THE HANDS OF THE *WARLOCK*, THE MOST AGILE MUTANT OF ALL BECOMES FRIGHTENED, CLUMSY, AND-- *HELPLESS*...

THOUGH IT IS NOW WITHIN MY GRASP TO *DESTROY* THE ACCURSED BEAST WITH *MENTAL BOLTS*...

...THERE IS MUCH PLEASURE TO BE FOUND BY DABBLING MOMENTARILY IN *PHYSICAL CONTACT!*

HE'S NO STRONGER THAN AN *AVERAGE MAN*...YET HE'S SOMEHOW *OVERPOWERING* ME! AND I'M HELPLESS TO *RESIST!*

WOK!

:UUNNNHHH!:

AHHHH, HOW LONG HAS IT *BEEN* SINCE I HAVE TASTED THE NECTAR OF PHYSICAL CONQUEST OVER A FOE?

FAR *TOO LONG*...AS I NOW REALIZE! IN SPITE OF THE SUPREMACY OF MIND OVER *BRAWN*... EVERY MAN MUST AT SOME TIME LASH OUT AND PROVE HIMSELF STILL CAPABLE OF ACHIEVING VICTORY BY THE *LESSER* ASSET!

STILL, SWEET THOUGH THE INDULGENCE OF *BRUTE FORCE* MAY *BE*, I MUST TARRY NO LONGER!

THE VICTORY MUST BE *MINE*...AND I MUST ACHIEVE IT WITH MY MATCHLESS MASTERY OF *MIND MANIPULATION!*

AND, WITH BUT THE SLIGHTEST GESTURE, THE MADDENED MYSTIC CAUSES THREE HUGE BAGS OF SAND TO TOPPLE FROM THE THEATRE *ROOF*...AND SMASH WITH SICKENING FORCE INTO HIS DAZED *OPPONENT*...

BUT, THOUGH HIS MIND IS NOT HIS OWN...AND HIS STRENGTH ALMOST TOTALLY *SAPPED*, THE WILL TO SURVIVE STILL BLAZES WITHIN THE BEAST'S HULKING BODY, AND...

BRAP!

CAN'T LET ANY MORE OF THEM... *HIT* ME! MUST... *FIGHT BACK!*

WHAT...HE *DEFIES* ME? IT IS NOT *POSSIBLE!* I AM IN COMPLETE *CONTROL* OF HIM! YET...

LOOKS LIKE HANK'S GOT HIMSELF IN THE SAME SPOT *I* WAS IN A FEW SECONDS AGO!

...SO MAYBE NOW I CAN RETURN HIS *FAVOR!*

IF ONLY I CAN *DISTRACT* THE WARLOCK BY POPPING A FEW *FLOOD LIGHTS!*

WHA--? AN *EXPLOSION*... SHATTERING THE AIR *BEHIND* ME!

BLAST!

BUT...THERE IS NO ONE *NEAR* THE LAMP WHICH BLEW UP! WHAT SORCERY IS *THIS?*

BRAAKK!

YEEEEE!

NOOOO! STILL MORE ERUPTIONS... SPLITTING MY *EARDRUMS!*

THE SOUND IS *DEAFENING!* CAUSING ME TO LOSE ALL POWER OF *CONCENTRATION!*

'TIS NOT UNLIKE THE ROAR OF THE DEVIL'S OWN *CANNONS*...AND THE BLINDING FLASH OF TEN THOUSAND BOLTS OF *LIGHTNING!*

I MUST *FLEE* THIS MADNESS... BEFORE MY OWN SANITY, AND MY QUEST... ARE LOST *FOREVER!*

SUDDENLY, ABANDONING MERE TRICKERY, THE ENRAGED MYSTIC SNATCHES THE *BAUBLE* FROM HIS FOREHEAD, THEN...

INSOLENT STRIPLING! COWERING BEHIND THAT *ICE SHIELD* WILL NOT PROTECT YOU FROM...

...THE SENSES-STAGGERING, SUPRA-SUBLIMINAL DESTRUCTIVE MIGHT OF THIS *KILLER-GEM!*

TRYIN' TO SEND A *SHIVER* UP MY SPINE, EH?

THAT'S LIKE OFFERING DANCING LESSONS TO *FRED ASTAIRE!*

AS FOR YOUR FINKY DIAMOND, I'LL *DEFLECT* IT TOWARD WHERE IT'LL REALLY *GRAB* YA!

THEN, INTO THE MASTER LIGHT CONTROL BOX CAROMS THE *JEWEL OF JEOPARDY...*

ZZZZT!

...ITS SORCERY-TAINTED RADIANCE CLASHING--AND INTERMINGLING--WITH THE ELECTRICAL FORCE IN THE BOX'S *POWER-CIRCUITS...*

THE NEXT SECOND, A VOLCANO OF *VISUAL PYROTECHNICS* ERUPTS! TO A *NORMAL* MIND, THE EERILY PULSATING BURSTS OF LAMBENT LUMINESCENCE WOULD SEEM TO POSSESS AN INDESCRIBABLY BIZARRE BEAUTY...

BUT NOT TO THE EVIL-CORRUPTED MIND OF THE WARLOCK! JUST AS *ICEY* HAD FIGURED IT WOULD, THE BOMBARDMENT OF BRAIN-BEDAZZLING KALEIDOSCOPIC COLOR FLING HIM TO THE VERY BRINK OF *MADNESS!*

TH-THOSE *BEAMS!* CLAWING...TEARING... AT MY *BRAIN!*

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AND AS THE WARLOCK'S WICKED WITS BECOME BENUMBED, THE SPELL-BOUND AUDIENCE IS *RELEASED* FROM ITS THRALLDOM...

HOW--?

WHAT--?

LOOK-- IT'S *THE BEAST!*

HE'LL *CREAM* THE MAHA!

IT'S HIGH TIME SOME STERLING STALWART LOWERED THE CURTAIN ON THAT MALEVOLENT MALEFACTOR!

GET 'IM, BEAST!!!

SO--AS MY CONTRIBUTION TO THE SOCIAL ESTABLISH-MENT AND THE *SURVIVAL* OF THE COOLEST KID ON THE BLOCK...

LET THE CURTAIN *FALL!*

ARGH!

FROM ABOVE-- ENSHROUDING *DARKNESS...*

FOISTED UPON ME, UNDOUBTEDLY, BY THOSE *ACCURSED MUTANTS!*

WHAT VILE STRATAGEM WILL THEY PERPETRATE *NEXT*--TO THWART MY PRE-ORDAINED *DESTINY?*

THEY'LL *FAIL!* FOR, I AM FATED TO *TRIUMPH!*

WE'VE GOT THAT POWER-MAD KOOK HALF-WAY TO THE *LOONEY-BIN*--

...ALL HE NEEDS IS A LITTLE EXTRA *ASSIST!*

BIG HEARTED ME! ALWAYS HAPPY TO GREASE THE SKIDS FOR AN ICKY CREEP!

REEEEE!

THE *HI-FI TAPE CONSOLE'S* TURNED UP *FULL BLAST!*

IT'S THE PERFECT PRESENT FOR AN ARCH-VILLAIN WHO HAS *EVERY-THING*--BUT A *HEAD-ACHE!*

SUDDENLY, *ICEMAN'S* LONG *ARM OF ICE,* THRUSTS THE DEAFENINGLY BLARING MECHANISM UNDERNEATH THE SHROUD ENVELOPING THE INFURIATED *MASTER OF EVIL...*

THIS'LL *REALLY* BLOW YOUR MIND!

SCREEEE!

EEEE-YAAAA! C-CAN'T BEAR--THIS SOUL-SHATTERING TORMENT--ANOTHER *INSTANT!* DO WHAT YOU WILL WITH ME, MUTANTS! LOCK ME UP! *ANYTHING!!*

SCREEEE!

Y'KNOW... IT KINDA *HURTS* TO SEE EVEN A DASTARDLY FINK SUFFER!

BUT, IF THE WARLOCK HADN'T BEEN DEFEATED, HE'D HAVE ENSLAVED *MILLIONS!*

THE CLANGOROUS CACOPHONY TEARS AT THE MASTER VILLAIN'S REELING WITS LIKE REMORSELESSLY SCRAPING *FINGERS OF STEEL...*

STOP! STOP-P-P...

SCREEEEEE!

SCREEEEEE!

SCREEEEEE!

MOVE, MEN! WE'VE GOTTA WRAP THAT WEIRDO UP IN A STRAIT-JACKET, NICE-'N-SNUG, BEFORE HE BUSTS LOOSE WITH *MORE* MYSTICAL MONKEYSHINES!

AND STILL THE FRENZIED CLAMOR THUNDERS ON...AND *ON*--BEATING, TEARING, TWISTING AT THE WARLOCK'S *ID!* THREATENING HIS UNSTABLE INTELLECT WITH COMPLETE *DISINTEGRATION!*

SCREE! SCREE! SCREE! SCREE! SCREE! SCREE! SCREE! SCREE!

THAT DOES IT, BEAST! GUESS WE CAN DROP THE SECRET IDENTITIES BIT AND DRAPE OUR SHAPES IN *CIVVIES* AGAIN!

SPEAKING OF *SHAPES*--TWO CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE FEMININE SPECIES MIGHT POSSIBLY CONCLUDE THEY CAN DO *WITHOUT* US VERY WELL...

...*IF* WE DO NOT SPEED WITHIN EYE-BALL DISTANCE OF THEM, POST HASTE!

THE BOYS HAVE DONE IT *AGAIN*, VERA! STOOD US UP!

DID YOU EVER FEEL LIKE YOU WERE CAUGHT IN A *RE-CURRING NIGHTMARE?*

HERE I GO, AGAIN! PAWING THROUGH MY PURSE FOR *TWO TOKENS!* I'M FURIOUS! *FURIOUS!*

THE MYS

SEE, HANK! I *TOLD* YOU THEY'D WAIT!

WOMEN...BLESS THEIR GENTLE SOULS...ARE *SO* UNDERSTANDING! FULL OF SUGAR AND SPICE AND EVERYTHING NICE!

AND *FORGIVING*, TOO! *ESPECIALLY FORGIVING!!!*

IGNORE THOSE *CON MEN!*

SAVE THE SOB STORY! DON'T *BOTHER* TELLING US HOW *LUCKY* WE ARE TO HAVE MISSED THE *BEST PART* OF THE SHOW!

SOMEWHERE...MAYBE DEEP IN THE WILDS OF BROOKLYN...TWO GIRLS MAY EXIST WHO WILL BELIEVE *ANYTHING* YOU IRRESPONSIBLE CLOWNS SAY!

MAY I SUGGEST YOU ORGANIZE A *SAFARI?*

OKAY! IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO FIND DATES TO THE *COPA!*

THAT PLUSH NITE-SPOT?--I WAS ONLY JOKING! LET'S GO! I'M *FAMISHED!*

YEP, WE *WANTED* TO GO TO THE COPA ALL RIGHT, BUT--BOB AND I--ER--HAPPEN TO BE *FINANCIALLY EMBARRASED* AT THE MOMENT!

I KNOW THE BOSSEST BEANERY IN GREENWICH VILLAGE! WOULDJA BELIEVE ITS HABITUES WILL SOMEDAY BECOME *FAMOUS CELEBRITIES?*

LET'S GO THERE-- SO YOU CAN *BOAST* YOU *KNEW* THEM "WHEN"!

LUCKY *US!*

SIMMAI HOTEL

THE END

ANOTHER PAGE FROM THE X-FAMILY ALBUM

PREEE-SENTING-

"I, THE ICEMAN"

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--AND REGULAR READERS! PERMIT ME TO HIP YOU TO THE INSIDE STORY OF MY SUB-ZERO EXISTENCE!

SURE, IT CAN BE *COLD* AS A PAWNBROKER'S HEART!

FROZEN AS A BILL COLLECTOR'S SMILE!

HARD AS AN ALGEBRA END-TERM! AND YET--

WHOOSH!

--IT HAS ITS *GOOD* POINTS, TOO!

LIKE, FOR EXAMPLE, I CAN CREAM YOU WITH A SNOWBALL IN *JULY!*

YOU GOTTA ADMIT THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE *SAID* FOR THAT--

--AFTER YOU GET THE *SNOW* OUT OF YOUR MOUTH!

F-F-FRIGIDLY FASHIONED BY **STAN LEE**

SH-SH-SHIVERINGLY SCRIPTED BY **ARNOLD DRAKE**

P-P-PETRIFYINGLY PENNED BY **WERNER ROTH**

I-I-ICILY INKED BY **JOHN VERPOORTEN**

LUKEWARMLY LETTERED BY **JOE ROSEN**

FORMING AN *ICE SLIDE* IN THE AIR ISN'T JUST A MATTER OF--

--HAVING YOURSELF A BUNDLE OF *COOL KICKS!*

IT'S ALSO A QUICK-FROZEN *ESCAPE ROUTE* OVER SOME OF THE CRUELER *HANGUPS* OF LIFE!

AND THERE'S NOTHIN' *CRUELER* THAN A STACK OF OF TOOTHPICKS LIKE *THESE!*

THEN AGAIN, NOTHIN' BEATS OPENING THE AUTOMATIC *ICE CUBE* COMPART-MENT--

--WHENEVER SOME FELONIOUS FINK IS MAKIN' THINGS *HOT* FOR ME!

CROOKS-ON-THE-ROCKS! *DEEELICIOUS!*

FORMING FROZEN WEAPONS IS ALSO MORE THAN *FUN AND GAMES!*

KAA-ZIPPPP!

F'RINSTANCE, A FRIGID *BOOMERANG* IS HANDY--

--EXCEPT IF YOU'RE THROWING IT LONG DISTANCES UNDER A *HOT SUN!*

THEN, IT COULD TURN OUT TO BE A BIG *DRIP!*

FOR PURELY *DEFENSIVE* PURPOSES, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A THICK *ICE SHIELD!*

CRACK!

BUT, FOR PLAIN *OFFENSIVENESS*, TRY A GOOD *DEODORANT!*

HERE'S ANOTHER BIT OF *COOL CAMP!*

BUT, DID I HEAR SOME WISEGUY *PHYSICS MAJOR* ASK, "WHAT HOLDS THE LADDER UP?"

PERFECT *BALANCE*, OF COURSE!

--NOT TO MENTION, A HULKIN' HELPING OF *IMAGINATION!*

AS YOU CAN SEE, THE USES OF LOW-THERMAL POWERS ARE *INFINITE* --ALSO *ENDLESS!*

YOU CAN WALK ACROSS THE *WIDEST RIVER*--IF YOU'VE GOT A PAIR OF *ICESKATES!*

OR, YOU CAN BUILD YOURSELF YOUR OWN PRIVATE PERSONAL *MOUNTAIN*--

--AND BE THE FIRST MAN TO *CLIMB* IT!

SO, YOU MAY WELL ASK, *WHERE* DOES ALL THAT ICE COME FROM?

SO, I'LL *TELL* YOU!

IT'S ALL *AROUND* US! IN THE *RIVERS* AND *LAKES*--

IN THE PLANTS AND TREES! IN THE VERY *AIR* WE BREATHE!

IT'S CALLED-- *MOISTURE!*

MY KOOKIE CHEMISTRY MAKES ME ABLE TO CON-CENTRATE AND *FREEZE* THAT MOISTURE!

AND I DO IT ALL BY MERE *MENTAL COMMANDS*--IN THE BLINK OF A *BRAIN CELL!*

ONLY, I'VE GOT TO CLIMB OUT OF MY *CIVVIES* FIRST--

--OR THAT *QUICK FREEZE* COULD MEAN... *INSTANT OVER-EXPOSURE!*

YiCHHH!

CRAAK!

ONCE MY POWERS *MATURED*, I COULD EVEN FREEZE ISOLATED *PARTS* OF MY BODY!

--WHICH MAKES ME A GOOD MAN TO HAVE AT A *PARTY!*

CLINK!

CLINK!

CLINK!

NOW, I DON'T WANT TO GET *TECHNICAL* ABOUT THIS THING--

'CAUSE A *MAD SCIENTIST* TYPE, I'M *NOT!*

BUT, ALL THIS INVOLVES THAT SPECIAL PART OF THE BRAIN THAT AUTOMATICALLY CONTROLS *BODY TEMPERATURE!*

IT'S LIKE I GOT BORN WITH A *BUSTED THERMO-STAT*-- AND MY BODY CELLS JUST LEARNED TO *ADAPT* TO IT!

EVENTUALLY, I SAW HOW I COULD TURN ATMOSPHERIC MOISTURE INTO *ICE* AND *SNOW!*

ACTUALLY, BEFORE I JOINED THE *X-MEN*, I WAS STRICTLY A PILE OF FUN-LOVIN' *SNOWFLAKES!*

HI'YA, FOLKS! THIS IS *BOBBIE DRAKE*--

--OTHERWISE KNOWN AS YOUR FAVORITE *ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!*

BUT, IT WAS *PROFESSOR X* WHO HELPED ME PERFECT MY *ICE FORM* AND USE MY POWERS FOR *CONSTRUCTIVE* PURPOSES!

OF COURSE, GROWING OUT OF MY *GIGGLE-YEARS* HELPED, TOO!

EVERY NOW AND THEN, I GET A YEN TO TROT OFF TO THE *POLAR REGIONS*, WHERE AN ICEMAN CAN REALLY *RELAX!*

IT'S LIKE *YOU* FLYIN' TO *MIAMI* FOR THE WINTER!

TO COIN A PHRASE-- *C'MON UP!*

NOT THAT I CAN'T MAKE IT IN THE *HOT* CLIMES!

THERE'S ENOUGH MOISTURE IN A GIANT *CACTUS*, OR A DEEP SUB-DESERT *LAKE*, TO MAKE ME *LOADS* OF FROZEN GOODIES!

BUT, FRANKLY I'D RATHER DO MY HIBERNATING IN A *FROZEN FOOD LOCKER!*

HOW WOULD I MAKE OUT IN A BATTLE AGAINST SOMEBODY LIKE...THE *HUMAN TORCH?*

TO TELL THE TRUTH -- I *DON'T KNOW!*

I *LIKE* TO THINK IT'D BE ONE HECKUVA CAVORTIN' *COMBAT!*

BUT, IN THE END, I'D HAND HIM A *FROZEN FIASCO!*

YOU AND WHAT *MILITIA*, COOL-HAND LUKE?

JUST LITTLE OL' CHILL-FINGERED *ME* IS ALL, HOT STUFF!

THAT'LL BE THE DAY -- LIKE WHEN THE *METS* WIN THE *PENNANT* --

-WITHOUT *ASSASSINATIN'* THE OTHER NINE TEAMS!

ONE THING THAT'S ALWAYS *FASCINATED* ME, THOUGH -- IS HOW I'D MAKE OUT IN *OUTER SPACE!*

NOT THAT ITS SHEER *COLD* WOULD BOTHER ME --

-- BUT WITH NO *ATMOSPHERE*, THERE'D BE NO *MOISTURE!*

AND WITH NO *FUEL* FOR MY FREEZER, I'D BE IN ONE HECK OF A SITUATION!

BUT THE *CHALLENGE* SURE INTRIGUES ME!

WHO KNOWS -- MAYBE, *ONE DAY..*

THOUGH TO TELL THE TRUTH, I'M NOT EXACTLY GONNA HOLD MY BREATH *WAITING!*

XIII

THE *ORIGIN* OF THE *ANGEL!*